THE

DUTCHESS

OF

MONMOUTHS

Lamentation

FOR THE

LOSS

Of Her

DUKE:

VVho hath been long Absent, to the terror of Her Afflicted Heart.

AH! Princely *Jemmy*, thou art too Unkind,
To leave thy Mournful *Dutchess* here behind;
Unkind, I say, because thou well did'st know,
For thy dear sake, I through the World wou'd go.
I once did think none could more Happy be,
Nor reap more Comforts in this World, than *me*,
Now plung'd into the Gulph of Misery.

Too cruel Fate, that wrought this ſudden change,
And cauſt my *Jemmy* in the world to range;
As if confin'd unto a *Pilgrimage*,
Now in the *flower* and *bloſſom* of his *age*.
But *Fortune* now I find doth fickle prove,
And on a ſudden did my Joys remove;
Turning my *comforts* into Seas of *woe*,
O Heaveus! can I theſe *ſorrows* undergo?
Or can I live and bear this Mortal pain,
To ſigh and wiſh for *Jemmy* all in vain?
No, no, it is impoſſible for me,
Long to ſurvive, except my Love I ſee;
I faint my Dear, lo, here *I* dye for thee.
When in my Bed I lye I cannot ſleep,
While others take their eaſe I mourn and weep:
'Twere better far for me, for to be Dead,
Than for thine abſence to be puniſhed
With *endleſs torments* which I do endure,
Yea, paſt all hopes of any help or Cure;
Enough to kill a mournful Woman ſure.
But for thine abſence though I doth Condole,
While thou art ſafe it comforteth my Soul;
And ſhould I hear that thou in Trouble wert,
Without all queſtion, it would break my heart.
It is not long ſince my dear *Jemmy*'s Name
Was carry'd far and near, on wings of Fame;
Which makes me wonder, that in ſuch a trice,
Thy *vertues* ſhould be turned into *vice*;
And all thine Honours with ſuch hazard gain'd,
Be quite forgot; how are thy Vertues ſtain'd With

With *black ingratitude*? if it be ſo,
God and thy Conſcience beſt the *truth* doth know;
If not, what pitty 'tis that thou ſhould'ſt be
Accuſed of ſuch groſs *Barbarity*;
Which wounds my Soul to think of, & mine *eye*
When *I* thereof do pauſe, is never dry.
Ah! hapleſs Woman, now thy Fate is cruel,
To loſe thy beſt and moſt beloved Jewel:
What pleaſure is there in the world to thee?
Or wanting him, what can Delightful be?
Oh! that *I* could but this advantage have,
To ſigh my ſelf into the ſilent Grave;
There to lye ſleeping till *Jehovah*'s Trump,
Shall raiſe again my Putryfied Lump:
When at Gods Great *Tribunal* I might ſee
My hearts delight, now gone and fled from me.
But why do I thus like the *Dove* complain?
Perhaps, in time, he may return again,
For to compleat my Bliſs, which if he do,
You Powers, how thankful ſhall I be to you!
How ſhould I ſtrive your mercies to applaud,
That did my Love preſerve, and keep abroad;
When thundering Cannons did about him Roar,
And I in fear my Love to ſee no more;
Then, then, propitious Fate to him was kind,
And ſent him back to eaſe my troubled mind;
So fill'd with Diſcontent, for fear that he,
In whom my Soul delighted, ſlain ſhould be.
But at the laſt he home return'd again,
Which eas'd my heart, and baniſht all my pain.

And

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And when I thought t
A further Croſs was th
Which now hath ſeiz'
Oppreſs'd with grief,
Out of this ſinful Wor
That greateſt Friends g
And ſmiling Fortune in
Yea, from the heigth o
The worlds great Fav
The turns of Fate coul
But ah! too well I to
And ſad Experience do
That there is nothing
That's ſtable, no, this,
Never was ſuch a char
As is in me, ſince my
But why do I thus pra
My *Sun-ſhine* Days are
And *I* in Darkneſs ſit ſo
The cauſe of which my
A dreadful and inhum
Was the occaſion *Fem*
Which if it were, will
And my poor heart wi
O Heavens forbid tha
So Wicked as to act
But if he were by *Tra*
I hope you will forgiv

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Licenſed and Ent

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t my self from danger free,
then attending me;
iz'd upon my tender heart,
, I'm ready to depart
orld, so full of change,
s grow in a moment strange;
e in a trice will frown,
n of Honour tumble down
avourites, that little think,
uld ever make them sink.
o my sorrow know,
doth acquaint me so;
g underneath the Sun
s, this hath me undone:
hange in *Europe* known,
y Delights are flown.
rattle of Delights?
are turned into Nights;
for to lament,
my Love from me was sent:
mane *Plot*, some say,
mmy went away;
ill add unto my trouble.
will be afflicted double.
hat e're my Love should be,
t such Villany!
raytors thus drawn in,
give this deadly Sin.

INIS.

Entred according to Order.

y *J. Millet*, in the year 1683.